

HERE, THERE AND ANYWHERE

written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. A VERY BRIGHT ROOM - BRIGHT LIGHT

A waiting room, most likely from a hospital. A long line of patients wearing hospital gowns.

Among them, PETER: 17, regular looking, brash. Keeps looking at a billboard keeping track of patient's numbers. The next is PATIENT #333.

He looks at his piece of paper: his number is #444. He sighs and a bright light covers our eyes taking us to:

PRE-LAP:

PETER (V.O.)

Fate:

EXT. A VERY QUIET STREET - DAY

We start our trip by entering the street where a huge sign reads: "WELCOME TO VILLA, POPULATION: 500; 1 SCHOOL; 1 HOSPITAL; 1 TEMPLE; 1 GROCERY STORE; 1 BOOKSTORE; 1 SHOPPING CENTER; 1 HOTEL; 5 DOGS; 3 CATS and 13 PIGEONS".

As we proceed we find 12 PIGEONS chilling out over a phone wire linking the two sides of the street.

A TITLE FLOATS OVER THE SCREEN: "HERE"

PETER (V.O.)

An inconsistent chain of events to drive someone's life, for better or worse.

(beat)

In a sunny day back in 1982, an unusual event took place in this town, changing its quiet scenery forever.

We find a YELLOW HOUSE. We go inside almost instantly:

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - A BEDROOM - DAY

A clock on the wall marks 11:AM.

We are in the midst of a woman giving birth: The WOMAN pushes hard. A MAN WITH RED HAIR wearing green gloves yells at her to push more! The baby's head finally shows.

The clock now switches to 12:PM and

WE SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. A VERY QUIET STREET - DAY - BACK AGAIN

The same poles linking the two sides of the streets, and the 12 PIGEONS chilling out over the phone wire;

A sudden lightning strikes one of the wooden poles...

(We hear the cry of a baby)

... and the energy travels from one side to another. The pigeons on the wire fry instantly, except for one: now lying untouched, glowing a strong NAVY BLUE.

A regular pigeon (the 13th) arrives and chills out alongside the BLUE one as if nothing has happened. They both fly off together after a little flirtatious moment.

PETER (V.O.)

An omen has been cast, forcing everyone to live forever under circumstances never seen before.

EXT. A (ONCE) VERY QUIET STREET - SOME TIME LATER

The two poles and the phone wire remain burnt out. Over other wires however, hundreds of pigeons fight for their own space.

Among them we see the BLUE PIGEON: the center of the population's attention, gathered down the street intrigued with the odd sighting.

PETER (V.O.)

A destiny was drastically twisted in favor of foresters.

TIME JUMP: Now, we encounter hundreds of thousands of pigeons not only in phone wires, but also on roof tops, on cars, blocking people's way on the sidewalks and streets (have you ever seen someone run over them?) making a huge mess; a visible plague.

PETER (V.O.)

Soon enough, it became impossible to control the population of outsiders, coming from all over the country to check out the intriguing phenomenon.

TIME JUMP: The street is full of visitors; observing the pigeons, eating at the stores, socializing, exchanging information, etc.

PETER (V.O.)
 It became the Pigeon version of
 Roswell, increasing population,
 economy and tourism.

TWO MEN change the WELCOME SIGN that now reads: "WELCOME TO
 PIGEON VILLA. POPULATION: 100,000; 2 SHOPPING CENTERS; 8 HOTELS
 and 5,3 MILLION PIGEONS (approximately)".

PETER (V.O.)
 The town had finally learned how to
 cope with fate.
 (reflexive)
 Unlike, say --

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

A CAR squeals in a halt almost running over PETER:

PETER (V.O.)
 -- me!

DRIVER (FROM THE CAR)
 Hey, you blind pigeon!!! Watch out!!!!

PETER
 Sorry...

Peter moves away from the car.

JAY (O.S.)
 Blind Pigeon? That's a NEW one.

PETER
 Man, can people be more obsessed with
 this?

He turns around and we meet JAY: a well built young Latino man
 about Peter's age, though a little more manlike.

JAY
 It's a living, man. I heard the
 president is about to extend BLUE
 PIGEON FLIGHT OUT DAY to a national
 holiday.

PETER
 That's perverse. Why does he care?
 (pause, to himself)
 Why do WE?

JAY
 It's our karma: to provide food and
 entertainment for the entire country.
 (MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

It's huge man, you should be proud of if!

PETER

Whatever. What is karma anyway?

JAY

Like, the thing deciding what you're supposed to do and go, or something...

PETER

That was a rhetorical question. Besides, I DECIDE my own things. And to prove that, in two days: I'm outta here, for good!

(pause)

No more of this pigeon mania....

JAY

Too bad you're not staying. You should see the new memorial, it turned out to be really cool: they did this big sculpture....

Before Jay finishes his sentence, Peter interrupts him unconsciously.

PETER

... especially that stupid memorial, what is that all about?

Jay is kind of hurt.

JAY

But -- You still going to graduation, right?

Peter tries to be nicer.

PETER

Of course! I wouldn't miss it!

(pause)

They're doing it together with the festivities, my dad would NEVER let me cut it.

JAY

It should be nice. It's your last one, anyway.

PETER

Yeah, right on.

A car arrives.

JAY
My ride, gotta go. See you at
rehearsal.

He exits.

PETER
Later...

Peter keeps staring at people obliviously. Then, he decides to take off as well: His walk is taken in slow motion, alternating a series of shoots, between his point of view and his walk home:

- Cheerleaders wearing white and blue uniforms with the letters PHS, practice their cheer.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A world can only have a certain number
of oddities.

- The mascot, a (guess?) Pigeon walks by Peter almost bumping into him. Peter follows the creature with his eyes:

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then, it becomes dull and plain.

- He continues walking until he leaves the school area to some street, where an ELDERLY COUPLE on a bench, feed hundreds of pigeons.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It needs to change, to be new, to be
fresh.

- A little BOY runs in the direction of the pigeons, scaring them off.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A guy has the right to follow his own
dreams and to make his decisions,
'cause time is short.

- We're now at THE SAME STREET AS THE BEGINNING, although with some modern addendum.

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Only two more days till the real
world!

- From a window, a man releases a pigeon; it flies away freely.

- Peter stops at the YELLOW HOUSE, now with a huge addition where a sign of a BLUE CROSS shares space with the words "RECOVERY CENTER". He goes inside:

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - THE ADDITION - CONTINUING

First stop is a small waiting room full of potential 'patients': men and women carrying sick pigeons with the most diverse problems.

As Peter walks through, people try to call him up for a quick analysis but he ignores them all: He's sick of this scenario, obviously. He makes his way in:

INT. YELLOW HOUSE - SURGERY CENTER - CONTINUING

The 'ER'. Several trays with pigeons in the most diverse positions and situations: burned, wet, with broken wings, etc.

In a white coat stained with blood, wearing green gloves and a goggle, a 50ish MAN WITH RED HAIR (BEN) is 'working' on a bird and talks to Peter without turning around:

BEN

You're late! It's the third time this week.

Peter puts on his coat.

PETER

I know... sorry, I got carried away with the city --

BEN

Your patients cannot wait for you. YOU should be waiting for them.

PETER

Dad, I'm here.

Ben finishes his stitching work. Turns around:

BEN

Are you? I don't think I recognize this face anymore...

PETER

School is taking up my time. All this mania over this stupid festivity--

BEN

You should be thankful for all that. As far as I'm concerned, without it we're history.

Peter mumbles to himself:

PETER
Don't blame me then, blame that stupid
blue pigeon!

BEN
What's that?

PETER
Nothing.

BEN
I don't think you see how important
all of this is to the community. The
entire town relies on my job, on YOUR
job, to keep this machine running.

Peter nods, not sure what to respond.

BEN (CONT'D)
18 years ago, I was just a
veterinarian taking care of 5 dogs and
3 cats. But fate worked in my favor,
in OUR favor. It was meant for us to
be here!

(emphatically)
We're finally one of the pillars of
this society. People depend on us now,
Peter!

PETER
You can always go back to the cats and
dogs.

BEN
Everyone can take care of cats and
dogs. Only a few can take care of such
delicate creatures as this one.

He takes on his hands the pigeon he has just saved. A 'NURSE'
enters the room:

NURSE
Doctor Benjamin, we've got an
emergency.

BEN
(turning around)
What is it?

NURSE
The pigeons from the Sol Circus burned
their wings with hot water. It demands
the utmost care.

BEN
Were they assisted before getting
here?

NURSE
I'm not sure Sir. Shall I bring them
here?

BEN
I might as well go to the...

PETER
I'll take care of that!

BEN
You sure?

PETER
Dad--

BEN
Well, let's see what you can do!
(to the nurse)
Bring them over here!

From a nearby cabinet Peter takes out gloves, goggles, some aluminum paper, some medicine and prepares everything quickly; He's ready for action.

TWO nurses arrive with the aching pigeons and Peter takes care of them with dexterity, in record time.

His father is speechless, not to mention proud of his son's ability. He turns to the nurses:

BEN (CONT'D)
See: I delivered that young man
myself! Did you know that?

They do: they probably heard it a thousand of times.

BEN (CONT'D)
And now this: did you just see that?
The fastest hands in the whole state!
That's my son: Peter Pombaski.

PETER
Dad--

The nurses go about to take care of the pigeons and to clean the space. Ben approaches his son, embracing him proudly:

BEN

Son, you were marvelous, perfect, and outstanding!

(enthusiastically)

After graduation, we will make a perfect team! What do you say, huh?

He only smiles nervously, not sure what to say.

The clock at the wall marks 3:PM and we go to:

INT. AUDITORIUM - REHEARSAL - EVENING

A clock at wall marks 5:PM. From a platform, a GEEKY TEACHER with a microphone talks to very bored students:

TEACHER

And to conclude, during the ceremony there should be no drinking, no smoking, no eating--

The students start to grunt and talk, including Peter and Jay who whisper as they talk:

PETER

Man, this place is so provincial.

JAY

Tell me about it. It's nice, though.

PETER

Yeah, if you're a bird.

They chuckle. The grunt and talking continues until:

TEACHER

People, please! You are all adults now, so act like it. Be quiet! This is going to be the first ceremony ever to take place outdoors and together with the BLUE PIGEON FLIGHT OUT DAY, so there are certain rules that NEED to be followed meticulously...

She continues in the background while Peter and Jay continue their talk in whispers:

JAY

So, what do you plan to do?

PETER

Tomorrow, after the ceremony, I grab my stuff and I head to Hollywood, forever!

JAY

I thought you were going for the summer!

PETER

I have saved some money from my consultations. It's enough to get me by till I get a job.

JAY

I don't believe this!

PETER

Don't worry; soon you can come visit me there.

(beat)

Plus, I got a place to stay.

JAY

Who with?

PETER

Marshall. It shouldn't be hard to find him there.

JAY

Are you out of your mind? Los Angeles is huge!!

A girl beside them: SHHHHH!!!!

Jay lowers his voice even more.

JAY (CONT'D)

When was the last time you talked to him, Christmas?!

PETER

I know where he worked, I know his old address. I'll find his name on a phone book. It will be fine!

JAY

What about school? How do you plan to enroll yourself without telling your folks?

PETER

You're not gonna believe this, but my parents signed an authorization form giving all the legal rights to Marshall.

Jay can't believe this, and chuckles. The girl beside them insists: SHHHH!!!!

PETER (CONT'D)

It's okay, because he's legally of age and all. A friend of his actually prepared everything. It's fake but it should work.

JAY

When did you do that?

PETER

Before he moved to his new home. I got early admission, remember?!

(beat)

I got that full scholarship, so it was fine with him. It was all addressed to his house. It says I went to this weird Californian high school... It's so cool.

Jay seems convinced as he is now enthusiastically listening:

JAY

But did he say you could stay with him?

PETER

Not really. I didn't quite tell him I was going right away.

JAY

So?

PETER

Jay!!! He will not turn his back on his little brother.

The girl beside them is really mad: SHUT UP! They do;

TEACHER

... don't cross the red line and don't throw your hats.

(dead serious)

I REPEAT: DO NOT THROW THE HATS!!!

AMONG THE STUDENTS: Peter looks at Jay as to ask: "What?". Jay responds with a shrug.

A STUDENT dares to question, raising her hand:

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Yes, the girl in green.

STUDENT
Why?

TEACHER
This is to ensure not only respectfulness to a solemnity like this, but also to ensure safety during the ceremony. Any questions?

Of course not! The students are bored to death.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Well, then I think we're ready to start.

They can't take anymore, and they start to leave.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
People, people, please! Please remain seated.

Too late. Alongside Jay, Peter follows his row out of the auditorium. He passes by the TEACHER:

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Fine, leave!

Jay stops to talk to some other student and Peter continues walking towards the door, where he meets: PALOMA, 17, still wearing her cheerleader uniform. A brunette, with green eyes and a very beautiful smile.

PALOMA
Hey Peter!

PETER
Hi, hey! How's it going Paloma?

PALOMA
Pretty good.
(beat)
Can you believe all this?!

PETER
Yeah, sounds like a military service.

PALOMA

(grin)

Well, they must have their reasons.

AWKWARD SILENCE.

PETER

How's cheer leading going?

PALOMA

We're finished for the season, but we do have a special performance for the big day.

PETER

Oh, I saw you guys practicing. It's a very special day...

PALOMA

I know, my mom can't stop talking about it for, like, weeks.

(pause)

So... Pete. Are you still... Hum... performing those... Hum... things?

PETER

What things?

PALOMA

You know. Those... like, consultation things?

PETER

(out of his body)

O-oh... Y-you want a... a... consultation? A real... I mean, yeah, sure! When?

PALOMA

Actually, my friends and I are kind of worried about the summer. So, we thought about starting with a new look or whatever. And, since you are leaving soon, we figured we didn't have much time to ask--

PETER

Who told you I'm leaving?

PALOMA

(opps!)

A-Aren't you?

PETER
Oh my GOD!

At this point, Jay joins them to hear:

PETER (CONT'D)
You told them I'm leaving?

JAY
What?

PALOMA
What's going on?

PETER
(to Jay)
How could you do that?

JAY
I didn't say anything.

PALOMA
Pete, my MOM told me! My aunt Kathy,
the one who moved to California? She
works at the admission's office at
UCLA and went through your name, so she
told my mom.
(beat)
So we assumed you were going there.

PETER
When was that?

PALOMA
Yesterday. But my mother wasn't sure
about it, so she was gonna ask your
mom if it was true--

PETER
(to himself, in fear)
Oh my Gosh, my dad!!!

He doesn't know what to do; he starts twitching.

JAY
Hey, calm down! It's not the end of
the world!

PETE
Yes, it is!

He leaves, running like crazy.

PALOMA
Hey, how about the consultation?

PETER
(yelling)
Be there by 7:30!

He finds his way out. Paloma and Jay exchange a puzzled look.

INT. PETER'S DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

The quietest dinner ever. Peter, Ben and his mother RUTH, an all reserved 40something, carrying a casserole to the table.

DEAD SILENCE, until:

RUTH
More grilled pigeon? Anyone?

No answer.

RUTH (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
Honey you barely touched your food--

Peter looks at Ben, eating his dish quietly. He looks back at his mom.

PETER
I'm just full, that's all.

RUTH
(to Peter)
I stopped eating those nuts and started exercising and dieting as you told me, honey. It really seems to be working!

Ben keeps paying close attention to them, quietly.

PETER
I know, it made your skin softer and thinner.

Peter skillfully analyses the face of his mother.

PETER (CONT'D)
This way, it balances with your nose becoming more symmetric. You won't need to have a nose job for a while.

She smiles at him.

Ben, on the other hand, frowns as he breaks the ice.

BEN

You know there will be no more excuses after you graduate. You are not to be late anymore. Your patients demand the utmost attention from you.

Peter replies in low key.

PETER

They're just BIRDS, dad!

Ben feels it.

BEN

Excuse me ? Those birds have been the basis of our society for almost two decades now; they gave us tourism, increased population an economy, money which is what you use to buy your clothes, your food and pay for those beauty books of yours or whatever--

PETER

They're esthetic surgery books. It's a full college medical course.

BEN

You don't say? And where would people study those courses, if you would please tell us!?

PETER

I don't know...

BEN

Think!

Peter has nothing to say.

Ruth turns to Ben:

RUTH

Darling, please calm down!

Ben stands up madly and hits the table.

BEN

What about California?

RUTH

What?

BEN

Your heard me. Your son has been accepted to one of the most prestigious colleges in the country, with scholarship. Only he forgot to tell us!

RUTH

Pete, what is he saying?

Peter is totally lost.

BEN

How did you got in there without us knowing it, huh? Tell me!

Peter is terrified.

PETER

Marshall helped me...

Be is now really possessed.

BEN

What?

PETER

Marshall, dad! Your son. The lucky one to get out of this life!

RUTH

I'm so disappointed in you, Peter.

BEN

I knew it! I knew that kid would get back on me some day!

PETER

He's not getting back at anyone, dad! He's just helping me follow my own destiny!

BEN

You can't follow destiny. Destiny follows you!

PETER

Maybe is time to change!

BEN

The only change you outta make is the more hours you'll spend helping me out with those pigeons.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)
And news flash: plastic surgery is not
practice of medicine!

He begins to leave, when:

PETER
Oh, and taking care of birds is?

BEN
You listen to me young man: you are
going to that graduation tomorrow and
after that, I expect you at the
recovery center at 3:00 o'clock sharp!
Have I made myself clear?!

Peter is speechless but fires a very angry look at Ben who
throws his napkin over the table and leaves, irritated.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

A typical teenager's room. Peter is visually pissed off and finds himself at his bed with a remote control in hands, zapping at the TV:

The Sports Channel; History Channel; Syndicated and:

Some Channel: Classical music introduces the interior of a mansion with a huge swimming pool and fancy interior decoration, while:

FEMALE NARRATOR (VOICE OVER)
Headed by America's most prestigious
plastic surgeon, Italian Doctor
Michael Piccione, The Piccione
Recovery Center brings you the most
sophisticated and delightful ambient...

We cut to an interview with the DOCTOR, sitting at an easy chair by the swimming pool. A subtitle reads: DOCTOR MICHAEL PICCIONE, MD. (HE'S THE SAME ACTOR PLAYING BEN, ALTHOUGH HE IS DISTINGUISHED FROM THE LATTER BY A WHIG OF BLOND HAIR, GLASSES AND HIS ITALIAN ACCENT.)

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Here at my clinic you are sure to
receive the best, from sessions of
aromatherapy to a complete renovation
of yourself. We offer you a treatment
only attainable in the past to
Hollywood celebrities...

We cut to a picture of Cameron Diaz, followed by some more images of the clinic with a phone number:

FEMALE NARRATOR (VOICE OVER)
The Piccione Recovery Center: We did
Cameron Diaz!

Peter is disturbed by:

RUTH
Knock, knock.

Peter turns around.

PETER
Hey, mom! Come in.

She does.

RUTH
What you watching, dear?

She sits in the bed nearby her son.

PETER
TV--

RUTH
(re: television)
Wasn't that the guy you have all the
books about? The one you admire?

Peter nods, shyly.

RUTH (CONT'D)
He seems to be a very good
professional. He did quite a good job
with Cameron Diaz, don't you think?
(long pause)
When did you decide all this?

PETER
Mom... What's the point?

RUTH
Your father is really upset.

PETER
How did he find out?!

RUTH
Mrs. Baez talked to him at the Grocery
Store. That doesn't matter. Why didn't
you tell us before? We could have--

PETER
Because... you'd never let me do it. I
mean, you maybe, but not dad. You know
that, mom!

RUTH
Your father really loves you Dear. He
only wants what's best for you.

PETER
Yeah, right. You should tell Marshall
that...

RUTH

Peter, your brother left to find his biological family. That's no real glamour in it.

PETER

So I need to be adopted to do what I wanna do? That makes sense.

RUTH

Your father believes in you. He knows you are the ONLY one who can substitute him at the Center.

PETER

Mom, this is my life. I have the right to live it my own way. Right?

RUTH

Indeed, you do. But there are consequences for everything that we do, Peter. You're young--

PETER

Nothing is gonna happen. I'm not a child! I just wanna help people who want to change, to be left alone, to be free, or something...

He exudes confidence now:

PETER (CONT'D)

I can be a good surgeon mom!

RUTH

Are you sure is that what you really want to do?

PETER

Never been so sure in my entire life!

Ruth takes a deep breath.

RUTH

Well, I guess I can use a new nose myself someday.

They smile at each other. Ruth hugs her son in a mixture of love and angst.

PETER

Thanks mom!

RUTH
I think it's up to me now to talk to
your father. Let's see what happens
tomorrow, OK

PETER
OK.

Peter watches his mom smile at him and leave. A noise comes from
another side of the bedroom. He goes after the window and opens
it to reveal:

PETER'S POV: Jay and Paloma plus an enormous line of teenagers.

JAY
Hey, Pete!

Paloma shines the room with her smile.

PALOMA
Did you forget about me?

PETER (FROM THE WINDOW)
Who are these people?

JAY
Extras!

Peter smiles, confused.

EXT. PETER'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - A LITTLE LATER

A table and a chair completes the scenario of a long line of
teenagers waiting for a 'consultation'. Peter writes something
down while talking to Jay and Paloma:

PALOMA
You know, we figured you were going
away.

JAY
And we thought that, like, you could
use some extra cash, so we called some
people.

PALOMA
Don't worry, they're just wanna help.

JAY
You ready?

PETER
Let's go!

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- He sits Paloma on the table and begins touching her face, hair, shoulders. With a tape measure he takes her sizes, and writes all down in a piece of paper.

- A STUDENT shyly takes his shirt off. He's skinny, but seems confident. Peter also takes his measures. They talk for a while about exercises then about girls.

- He continues the same procedure, one by one. They talk, they laugh together, people participate with their own opinions. They're having a good time.

- They pay a symbolic dollar or maybe 5, 10, only to help his friend out.

{The acting here should be mostly improvised.}

At a certain point:

JAY
(re: the money over the
table)
Wow, it's working perfectly. You're
ready to go!

PALOMA
Yeah! When are you leaving?

We hold on the enigmatic face of Peter that....

EXT. GRADUATION CEREMONY - A BROAD OPEN FIELD - DAY

... turns into a very worried one. A stage lies in the background. A sign reads: CLASS OF 2000.

Students wearing caps and gowns, proud parents in the audience.

A large number of people on benches around the 'so-called' memorial: The two poles from the first scene remain burned out in the middle of the field, a coppered sculpture of a Pigeon completes the hideous scenario.

A NEWS REPORTER (MELISSA SANCHEZ), with a microphone, looks right at us:

MELISSA
We're here today to show you first
hand, what America has been calling
the most unusual phenomenon of the
past decades.
(MORE)

MELISSA (CONT'D)

The Ceremony we are about to present is best known as the "Blue Pigeon Flight Out Day". Every second Sunday of June, a significant number of tourists from all over the country, gather together to take a glimpse at the so-called BLUE PIGEON, which according to Local Legend is the sole explanation for the supernatural number of pigeons produced in this city. Reliable sources claim that at exactly 12 noon, the bird is sure to cross the sky and bless the entire town with another year of good luck and prosperity.

She keeps walking backwards while talking to us, so:

SECURITY GUARD

(pushing her kindly)

Please respect the red line, Miss!

A visible red tape line marks the division between the memorial and the area accessible to the public.

MELISSA

Oh, sorry.

(back to us)

As you can see, everything is carefully planned in order to make this event an unforgettable experience, a real competition tourism wise to the neighboring city of Roswell, best known to have been the locale of an incident involving an alien spacecraft crash back in 1947. From Pigeon Villa - New Mexico, I'm Melissa Sanchez, for Channel 3 News.

She exists, bumping into Peter who is heading to the students' reserved area nearby the stage.

With a soft chord playing in the background, we go through the GRADUATION ceremony in a series of shoots:

- A speech by Paloma. Everyone applauds;
- The students receive their diplomas as a teacher out their names;
- As Peter's turn arrives, his parents cheer in the audience. He ignores them, kind of embarrassed;

- Jay's turn arrives as well and he proudly receives his diploma, waiving to everyone in the audience;
- Students are honored with medals for their GPA;
- The National Honor Society grants more awards;
- The Principal announces: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Class of 2000!";
- Cheers, applause, students embracing one another.

TIME JUMP: Peter with his mother and father in the middle of the madness. Beside them, a group of teenagers taking pictures:

PRINCIPAL (OVER MICROPHONE)
Ladies and Gentlemen please return to
your seats. If you happen to be in the
standing area close to the memorial,
please remember to respect the line...

Ruth hugs her son in one of those embarrassment moments only graduation can provide.

RUTH
I'm so proud of you.

Ben continues the tradition of hugs.

BEN
Congratulations, son!

PETER
Thanks!

The students take a group picture. As they continue their messy session, they start to push Peter and his parents in the direction of the memorial.

Someone in the group of students ask Ben to take a picture of her together with the others. He accepts kindly.

Peter finds an opportunity to talk to Ruth alone:

PETER (CONT'D)
Didn't you talk to him?

RUTH
What?

A couple with her graduate daughter passes by. They wave to each other. But that's not an excuse:

PETER
Mom, please?!

RUTH
Yes, I talked to him.

PETER
So, what did he say?

Ben is done with his picture. He tries to go back but some parents block his way.

The group of students, however, continues to walk in the direction of Peter and his mother.

THE OTHER SIDE

PETER'S POV: His dad trying to make his way through the crowded path.

RESUME ON PETER/RUTH: Peter waits for more details.

RUTH
Well dear, I really explained the whole situation to him. I talked about your surgery plans...

The annoying group of students pushes them even closer to the memorial. They're now very close to the limit.

RUTH (CONT'D)
About the school, your brother...

PETER
And...?

The security guards work restlessly to prevent people from crossing the red line, but it is visually hard to do so.

PETER'S POV: His dad is coming his way.

RESUME ON PETER: He's anxious and agitated.

RUTH
Well, he said...

Ben finally arrives.

In a reflexive move, Peter backs up a little and with a distraction from a security guard, ends up CROSSING THE RED LINE and is now off limits.

RUTH (CONT'D)
NO!

Peter sends his father a very cold stare.

PETER
I can't believe you!

BEN
What?!

IN THE BACKGROUND PEOPLE CHEER!

SOMEONE (O.S.)
The pigeon!!!

In an attempt to express his anger, he THROWS UP HIS HAT with
fury!

PETER
GOD!!

WE HEAR THE AUDIENCE AWE!

At his side the BLUE PIGEON falls down DEAD, killed by Peter's
assassin cap.

Someone takes a picture of Peter. The flashlight leads us to
inserts:

- A picture of Peter on the cover of a Newspaper: "Student Kills
Pigeon and Ruins Festivity"!

Flash;

- A mug shot of Peter, front position.

Flash;

- A mug shot of Peter, now profile.

The last flash as we

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

MELISSA SANCHEZ our intrepid reporter once again pays a visit to us covering what now seems to be the hottest story ever:

MELISSA

We're here live from the Pigeon Villa District Police Department where high school student Peter Michael Pombaski is being accused of deflagration of a public figure.

(pause)

As reported earlier in this news, the teenager is being held for interrogation after killing mercifully the so-called Blue Pigeon, the number one symbol of the city.

(pause)

The Press and the general public were forbidden to enter the building, but that didn't stop them from gathering here to protest for justice:

OUR POV: Hundreds of people gathered in front of the DP, carrying banners and holding protest signs such as: "Killer!", "We want justice!", etc.

BACK TO HER: She talks to an enraged Elderly Couple:

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Sir, Madam, do you have something to say?

MISTER

This child ended an era of prosperity in our town...

MADAM

(completing him)

... without that blue bird there will be no more new pigeons. He was the secret behind the gigantic population, you understand?

A furious man makes his way into the frame to protest:

RAGING MAN

This individual ought to be given life in prison!

(MORE)

RAGING MAN (CONT'D)

The entire board of the Pigeon Villa
Business Association demands an
immediate public trial!

BACK TO MELISSA:

MELISSA

Thank you.

(to us)

A city hopping mad. A high school
student accused of murderer. A legend
gone. What's next? Don't go away, the
answer when we return.

INT. LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Peter is in deep trouble. Sitting in a chair he talks to a
SHERIFF in the background.

At a table nearby, Ben and Ruth:

BEN

What was he thinking? What was he
thinking?

(whispering)

Did he have to make me go through
this! Did he?

RUTH

Calm down honey, please?!

BEN

I can't believe this! I can't believe
this!!

Meanwhile, Peter and the Sheriff:

SHERIFF

I understand that you had no intention
whatsoever to do what you did.
Unfortunately the fact is: it did
happen!

Peter is petrified.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

But I also understand that a bunch of
uncontrollable people out there want
to eat you alive. It is my duty to
guarantee your safety as well as the
well being of this community. At the
same time it is also up to me to make
justice.

Peter is more relived but keeps listening:

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

We're all very stressed out today due to this whole episode, so the best thing we can do now is to go home and think this through till tomorrow.

The words 'go home' are a relief especially for Ruth. She's calmer now.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

By then, people will be less angry and we will be able to work this whole thing out. I will provide you with an escort of our two best men for your safety.

(to Ruth/Ben)

What do you think?

RUTH

Absolutely!

BEN

We are forever thankful officer.

(to Peter, wrathful look)

We'll work this through.

SHERIFF

We'll be calling you tomorrow to schedule a hearing. It's safer.

(to Peter)

Good luck my Son. YOU'LL NEED IT!

Peter goes back to 'scared mode.'

EXT. LOCAL POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Peter and his parents are escorted by two policemen down the stairs as an avalanche of reporters and townspeople attack them':

WOMAN

Murderer!!

MAN

You killed our economy!!

REPORTER#1

Were you tired of taking care of pigeons and decided to get even?

REPORTER #2

Is it true that you are working for
Roswell's Tourist Department?

REPORTER #1

Are you a radical vegetarian fighting
for justice?

Ben tries to block the cameras with his hands.

BEN

We have nothing to say!

From the crowd:

PALOMA

Peter!!

JAY

We're with you, man!

They both raise hands in a sign of solidarity. Peter smiles
back, shyly. The reporters continue their insane questions:

MELISSA

Did you do it to get back at your
parents?

PETER

What?!

MELISSA

Is true that you were planning to
leave the city even with your parents
decidedly against your decision?

PETER

I can't take this anymore!!

The questions and protests continue. Peter sees no other answer:
He pushes everyone and runs away.

RUTH

Oh my God! Where are you going?!

PETER

Don't worry mom, I'll call you!

BEN

What the hell are you doing?!!

Quickly, Peter finds a way out.

MELISSA
(to her cameraman)
He's running away! Are you catching
that!?

A group of protesters chase him. It's too late though: Peter is gone for good!

MELISSA (CONT'D)
(to us)
Another breakthrough story from
Channel 3 News!
(breathless)
The accused student has fled from the
police. Where will he go? Stay tuned
to find out right aft...

WE GO OFF THE AIR TO:

INSERT: A sequence of handmade drawings of several faces are shown, while:

NARRATOR (VOICE OVER IMAGE)
Take a moment to pay close attention
to these faces. They're part of a
revolutionary horde operating under
the name 'Frontier Free Bakers'.
They're responsible for over 75
attacks against public controversial
figures, including Geroge Bush, Martha
Stewart and Bill Gates. If you have
any real information regarding any one
of these individuals, please call 1-
800-CAKE or...

The news continues as we pull back to reveal:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - ALMOST EVENING

A television behind a shop screen displays the news. We keep pulling back to finally find:

Peter in a phone booth in front of the shop. A phone book aids him. he hangs up.

PETER
Damn it!

He tosses the phone book aside, crosses out the last name he had written on a piece of paper. He's frustrated!

He looks at the phone for a while in silence. Then he picks it up again and shoves enough quarters to make a long distance call.

The phone rings: once, twice, three times:

BEN (ON THE PHONE)
Hello? Hello?!

Peter instantly hangs up in fear. He's not sure what to do. He begins walking on the streets.

A TITLE FLOATS OVER THE SCREEN: "THERE"

We follow him in another sequence of shoots:

PETER (V.O.)
A new world has a certain amount of
glamour.

- He passes by a very sophisticated WOMAN dressed in sharp outfit. A LAUGHING GUY wearing shades and tight shorts and shirt passes next.

PETER (V.O.)
Then it becomes too cold and lonely.

- A GUY provokes another ONE and they both get into a big discussion. A very LONELY WOMAN sitting in the sidewalk watches everything obliviously.

PETER (V.O.)
It needs to change.

- A THIRD guy intercedes, stopping the fight.

PETER (V.O.)
A guy has the right to his own
opinion. He has to find his answers
without the intrusion of others.
'cause time is short.

- We're now in front of a see-through glass building. We can see that a conference is being held inside.

- Peter takes a look at his wrist watch.

PETER (V.O.)
Only two more minutes 'till twilight!

His eyes open wide when he notices a sign with a relatively well known picture pointing directly to the building: "THE SECRETS AND MYSTERIES OF RHINOPLASTY AND FACIAL SURGERY. EVENING SPEAKERS: DOCTOR TIMOTHY MILLER, MD AND DOCTOR MICHAEL PICCIONE, MD"

He can't believe his eyes.

GIRL (O.S.)
You shouldn't go there!

Peter turns around and we meet a GYPSY GIRL. [SHE IS THE SAME ACTRESS PLAYING PALOMA, ALTHOUGH SHE WEARS TYPICAL GYPSY CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES]

GYPSY
I know you want to get in there. But you shouldn't.

PETER
What do you want?

GYPSY
Good question. What do YOU want?

PETER
Sorry, I don't feel like talking to strangers or anything, so--
(gives her a dime)
Take it, it's all I got left!

GYPSY
I don't want your wealth. I want to warn you.

PETER
Sorry, I don't really have time--

He starts to enter the building, when:

GYPSY
You're gonna meet him. The black sheep! I can see it!

Peter turns around, intrigued:

PETER
What are you talking about?

GYPSY
You're not from LA. You must be here for a reason.

PETER
How perceptive!

GYPSY
Don't joke with me! I'm not here for jokes.

PETER
Sorry, I didn't mean to--

GYPSY

You don't mean a lot of things but you are always saying them! Why?

PETER

I don't know. What do you want from me?

GYPSY

Running away don't solve a problem. It only makes it worse. It makes you feel bad.

PETER

Really? Because I came so far doing exactly what I wanted to and I'm fine.

GYPSY

Are you?

(deep)

Forester, you are here because fate wanted you to. Not the opposite. Don't forget that!

Peter shrugs: 'Whatever!'

He continues his way to the building. We stay with the enigmatic Gypsy.

A GUY WEARING RED and carrying something hidden underneath a jacket passes by, also in the direction of the building.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

(re.: the guy in red)

I warned you.

INT. THE CONFERENCE - ENTRANCE - EVENING

A RECEPTIONIST at a table writes name tags and greets people with a small booklet.

TWO GUARDS stand at the conference room door.

Peter goes in, nervously. He walks past the table, grabs a booklet, and is about to proceed when:

RECEPTIONIST

Hey!!! You!!!!

Peter pretends he doesn't hear her and continues to walk. One of the guards stops him.

GUARD

The lady is calling you!

PETER
(fake)
Oh, really? I didn't...

He nods with a superior stare. Peter backs off and goes after the table:

RECEPTIONIST
You can't go in....

PETER
I'm sorry, I'm leaving.

RECEPTIONIST
...without a name tag!

PETER
(blushing)
Oh, right.

RECEPTIONIST
It's an open conference, you know?
(gently)
What's your name?

He's lost for a second.

PETER
Peter.... hum... Taube. T-A-U-B-E.

She writes the name down and hands the tag to him.

RECEPTIONIST
There you go Peter Taube! Have a nice evening! Refreshments are free.

He smiles! He makes his way in:

INT. THE CONFERENCE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUING

A platform is located in front of a very eclectic audience: students, reporters, doctors, etc.

A RED VELVET ROPE SEPARATES the spectators seats from the platform.

The majority of people eat refreshments in the lobby.

Peter enters and looks at the refreshment room; he's hungry. He contemplates going there but he's too shy to do it.

He decides to look for a seat instead. He finds one in the first row by the aisle, in front of the platform where the speaker will be.

The conference is about to start. The lights fade slightly. People take their sits.

THE GUY WEARING RED enters the room, positioning himself on the right side.

The two security guards from the door enter and stand right in front of Peter, close to the velvet ropes.

The GUY IN RED communicates with ONE OF THE GUARDS; they keep exchanging incomprehensible signs.

PETER'S POV: He notices the guard but is unable to see the face of the GUY he's talking to.

AT THE PLATFORM:

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Ladies and Gentlemen due to personal problems, doctor Timothy Miller from the American Board of Plastic Surgery won't be join us this evening. However, we will be showing his video presentation followed by Mr. Piccione's assessments.

The audience murmurs.

At a previously prepared screen the video begins.

Weak Applauds.

Peter's bored.

Peter gets up and heads to the refreshments in the lobby, passing by the MAN IN RED. He's looking down as if protecting himself, Peter can't see his face.

THE REFRESHMENTS TABLE

A sea of the most diverse foods and drinks. Peter is starving and starts digging in with no mercy.

Doctor MICHAEL arrives wearing a black suit and carrying a glass of wine. He goes after starving Peter and begins to talk with his Italian accent:

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Catching a train?

Peter turns around, surprised, his mouth full.

PETER

Oh, no! I was just... I mean...

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Eating! That's good for you!

His mouth is free again.

PETER
I guess-- I-I was just--

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Why aren't you watching the video?

Peter blushes.

PETER
Well. See, I wasn't even supposed to
be--

The Doctor breaks the ice, kindly

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Don't mind explaining. It's pretty
boring. That doctor has no idea what
is the real meaning of plastic
surgery. Are you a student of his?

Peter shakes his head no.

DOCTOR MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Better that way. He's not worth paying
attention to. I am!
(pause)
So, what are you?

PETER
I'm a huge fan, sir, of your work and
everything.

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Is that so? And what do you do?

PETER
I start school this fall. I plan to be
a good surgeon someday and maybe help
people out like you do and--

Doctor Michael shouts an ironic laughter.

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Help? That is interesting--

PETER
What?

DOCTOR MICHAEL
I don't think that would be the
correct word. Improving, that's better
and--

Before he finishes his statement, the Master of Ceremonies
appears:

MASTER OF CEREMONIES
Mr. Piccione, it's your turn.

DOCTOR MICHAEL
(to Peter)
I guess it's show time. Nice meeting
you.

They shake hands.

PETER
Peter!

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Strong name Pietro! Remember to use
it.

Peter is in pure ecstasy.

The Master of Ceremonies nods in compliment and escorts doctor
Michael away.

The lights are turned on again.

Peter takes a sip of his drink and exits.

THE MAIN ROOM:

On his way, he has the chance to look at the GUY IN RED on the
right but...

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (VOICE)
To complement our video and to discuss
more deeply its meaning, please
welcome from the UCLA Reconstructive
and Plastic Surgery Department, Doctor
Michael Piccione.

... he decides to rush back to his seat and pay attention to the
stage.

Doctor Michael enters followed by applauses.

PETER'S POV: The GUY IN RED is not there anymore; The guard
stands steady.

RESUME TO THE CONFERENCE:

MASTER OF CEREMONIES (VOICE) (CONT'D)
Please refer to page 4 of your
booklets for a more elaborate and
illustrative explanation of terms.

DOCTOR MICHAEL
(clearing throat)
Good evening everybody and welcome to
my humble presentation. Tonight I
would like to introduce you to the
world of modern surgery.

Real claps.

DOCTOR MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Before I start, I would like to
quickly clarify something the recent
sensationalist press is saying about
me.

Again, a snoopy REPORTER. (THE SAME ACTRESS PLAYING MELISSA.
THIS ONE DRESSES DIFFERENTLY AND CARRIES AN UNUSUAL HAIRDO)

The reporter stands up.

REPORTER
Mister, what do you mean by
sensationalist press?

Doctor Michael fakes kindness.

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Newspapers, Miss. As I was saying...

REPORTER
Do you confirm that in a recent
interview with THE NEWS you claimed,
and I quote: "Modern practices are
being applied obsessively to endure
Hollywood esthetic; this should be
stopped"...

The spectators don't like her interference.

DOCTOR MICHAEL
I don't think it is a good place right
now. We haven't even started here--

Peter looks at her, mad!

REPORTER

How do you intend to discuss the impact of misguided plastic surgery practice in Hollywood, when you have a clinic responsible for the Cameron Diaz look?

Spectators grunt and tell her to shut up.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Please, please!

(fake)

Let's hear what the nice lady has to say.

She stands up and moves in the direction of the platform:

REPORTER

Let me introduce you all to a friend of mine who had the pleasure of having his face lifted by doctor Michael. Would you please come in?

A GUY WITH A DEFORMED FACE enters the room.

Spectators awe.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

What is this?!

REPORTER

Come on here my friend. Let's show Doctor Michael how pretty you look! Hollywood style.

Some people cover their eyes in repulsion;

Reporters take pictures;

The audience stand up confused, ready to leave, including Peter and the GUY IN RED, now standing beside our protagonist.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Security please!!

As he asks for help, the GUY IN RED moves forward calling up Peter's attention.

PETER'S POV: The back of the guy. He has a rear view of the jacket; there's something hidden in there.

QUICK SEQUENCE OF SHOTS:

- The guy moves even closer to the platform;

- Heroic Peter PUSHES the guy who then falls over the velvet ropes but doesn't drop what he's carrying;
- The security guard with whom the Red Guy talked previously doesn't move, only avoids the other guard;
- Peter automatically pulls away the jacket revealing the secret.

PRESENTER
(pointing at him)
A CAKE!!!!

- They all turn to see it;
- Reporters take pictures;
- Peter finally sees the guy's face:

PETER
Marshall?!

MARSHALL
Peter?!

[MARSHALL IS THE SAME ACTOR PLAYING JAY. THUS, HE IS A LATINO GUY BUT IN HIS 30'S. MAKE-UP AND ATTITUDE HELP TO GIVE HIM AN OLDER LOOK]

Marshall throws the cake at Doctor Michael's direction but misses the target.

DOCTOR MICHAEL
Get him!!!

MARSHALL
Run Peter!!!!

He runs along with his brother to the door;

As a security guard attempts to go after them, the OTHER blocks his way so that they gain a little bit of time;

Peter and Marshall join the Reporter and the Deformed Guy and they run away to:

EXT. THE CONFERENCE - ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

They run as fast as they can now followed by reporters, the general public and a security guard.

A CAR waits for them. They rush to get in. Peter hesitates a little but has no choice once Marshall forces him.

They lock the doors and the driver accelerates;
Security arrives too late. The car leaves and we go with them:

INT. THE CAR - CONTINUING

A WOMAN drives the car. In the passenger's seat we find the Deformed Guy. In the back seat Marshall, the Reporter and a breathless Peter.

The Deformed Guy turns to Peter:

DEFORMED GUY
Who are you?!!

Peter is scared even more by his face.

He takes off a mask made of latex;

DEFORMED GUY (CONT'D)
Anyone, who the heck is he?

Marshall sinks in his seat, embarrassed.

MARSHALL
My little brother.

They all exchange a very surprised look.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FRONTIER FREE BAKERS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A very small room, probably a basement. A blue print hanging on the wall, a few chairs around, a computer and a table with hundreds of papers completes the scenario.

The TOUGH looking WOMAN driving the car stands up in front of Peter, Marshall, Reporter and Deformed Guy.

[THE WOMAN IS THE SAME ACTRESS PLAYING THE GEEKY TEACHER FROM THE REHEARSAL - DIFFERENT HAIR, CLOTHES AND SPECIALLY A TOUGHER ATTITUDE.]

TOUGH WOMAN

(to Marshall)

Exactly what part of: "Don't pass the velvet rope" didn't you understand?

She shows the exact place where the velvet ropes were by pointing to the blue print hanging in the wall.

MARSHALL

I'm sorry.

TOUGH WOMAN

We invested much more money than we could afford just to make sure this operation would give us the coverage in the media that we needed.

(to all)

We flushed all that money down the toilet tonight. Not to mention that now we are the laughing joke of the entire press.

She shows them some leaflets.

TOUGH WOMAN (CONT'D)

"News.com: Gang misses easy target after 75 consecutive victories."

(to Peter)

Intruders... What do we do with our intruders?

MARSHALL

It wasn't his fault. He just happened to be there.

She hands a paper with a picture: Peter pulling back Marshall's jacket to reveal the cake.

TOUGH WOMAN
This wasn't his fault?

Peter sinks down in his chair. Marshall gives him a "Don't worry" look.

MARSHALL
I take all the responsibility for my brother's actions. He was protecting someone he cared about.

They all look curiously at Peter:

TOUGH WOMAN
Cared about?! Would you mind telling us why? Hum, what's your name, again?

PETER
Peter, Sir-- Miss!

TOUGH WOMAN
PETER.

PETER
I didn't meant it. I-I wanted to do something nice, for someone who was nice to me.

DEFORMED GUY
Why was he nice to you, kid?

PETER
He inspires me-- He helps people. People who are not satisfied with themselves. It's a beautiful job. It's something a lot of people want to do.

REPORTER
He doesn't help anybody but himself! This was our attempt to show everyone the truth. He's only interested...

DEFORMED GUY
... in shaping people according to his own taste, and in forcing everyone else into it.

TOUGH WOMAN
He dictates how people should look, and forgets that most of us are unable to reach such standards! He's only interested in his pocket!

PETER
That's not true! He's doing a real
important--

MARSHALL
Peter!
(slow)
Can I talk to you for second?

He gets up and goes with his brother to a corner:

PETER
WHAT? They're wrong! You're all wrong,
Marshall!

MARSHALL
(kindly)
Peter, shut up! Don't start an
argument. You were not even supposed
to be here!

PETER
I'm sorry. I didn't know you were
doing something like this! Why are you
doing this? You're humiliating people!

MARSHALL
I'm making a statement. People need to
know they're being manipulated. There
are certain... I don't have time to
explain it. Why are you here?
(pause)
Mom knows you are here?

No answer.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
You didn't tell mom you were coming?!
What happened to waiting till August?

PETER
I couldn't stay there! The city
doesn't want me. Nobody wants me!

Marshall stares at him with disbelief.

PETER (CONT'D)
I killed a bird OK? And now everybody
thinks I'm a bad kid.

MARSHALL
Peter, that doesn't give you the right
to run away and leave worried people
behind!

PETER

You did it, and you are alright!!

MARSHALL

Do you think I'm alright? Look around you! I don't even have a stable address!

PETER

That was your choice.

MARSHALL

Yes, but there wasn't any other! Listen, you can't stay here. I'm calling Mom.

The tough woman clears her throat as if to say: Enough! They both turn to her:

TOUGH WOMAN

While you two were having a domestic argument, we decided what we should do next.

They're listening. She hands them a paper.

TOUGH WOMAN (CONT'D)

According to this press release, Cameron Diaz will visit Doctor Michael tomorrow, so the entire press is gonna be there. He won't miss the chance to make some self-indulgent statement to everyone.

(methodically)

We get there earlier, we figure out a way to distract him away from the center and the rest you already know!

DEFORMED GUY

(pointing to Peter)

Since Marshall's face is now very known, we decided that YOU should do the honors.

REPORTER

Since the failure of the last mission was partially your fault.

TOUGH WOMAN

What do you say?

Marshall and Peter exchange a very worried look.

EXT. DOCTOR MICHAEL'S CLINIC - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The clinic from the TV commercial. Several reporters ready for action. No clue of Cameron Diaz; too early!

INT. THE CAR IN MOVEMENT - DAY

Marshall drives the car, Peter is on the passengers seat and the Reporter is in the back, carrying the cake.

Peter wears a cap and sunglasses. The Reporter wears a wig and sunglasses also.

MARSHALL

(to the reporter)

Thanks for convincing her to let me drive. It's the least I could do.

REPORTER

No problem! Peter, let's go over this one more time: With the ID we gave you, you're gonna be able to get in as the press representative. Don't lose it; it cost us a fortune we didn't have.

Peter nods, attentively.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

You are supposed to prepare him for the press. Don't worry, that's usually the job of an intern who is as young as you are. Doctor Michael won't refuse your help; he's too afraid to be caught in a lie. You get out, sign to me and I do the trick.

PETER

(nervously)

OK. I sign to you--

REPORTER

I'll only do it after you sign to me, is that clear?!

He nods.

A deep silence. Then Marshall turns to his little brother:

MARSHALL

I have a daughter.

PETER

What?

MARSHALL

And I'm married too.

With one of his hands he takes out his wallet and shows his brother a picture:

PETER

Wow! When did you--?

MARSHALL

Spring. We were together for more than 5 years already.

PETER

Sweet! They look nice.

MARSHALL

I also called mom this morning.

Peter doesn't like the sound of that.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

She was a nervous wreck! You wouldn't believe it! I told her you were with me and that I'd make sure you got home. Tonight.

Peter's frustrated, and he shows it.

PETER

What did she say?

MARSHALL

She misses you Pete. DAD misses you.

PETER

Yeah, right!

MARSHALL

Why is it so hard to believe that dad cares about you?

PETER

Because he never let me do anything. He doesn't let me choose.

(pause)

He didn't let you choose.

MARSHALL

That was, like, eighteen years ago. Yeah, I was about your age but I was only a veterinarian's assistant, helping dad take care of five sick dogs and three boring cats.

(MORE)

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(deeper)

Mom was pregnant with you, Dad needed to work in six more cities just to make up for the lack of clients. Did you know that? At that time, something inside me said: "You don't belong here, you should build your own life".

PETER

Mom says you left to find your real family.

MARSHALL

Pete, mom and dad are the only ones I know and care about.

PETER

The, why did you leave?

MARSHALL

I left a small town with no prospective. There was nothing there for me.

(emphatically)

Now I'm finally someone. I fight for justice! People depend on me, Peter!

PETER

I see that.

MARSHALL

And there is a HUGE PRICE to pay for it. It's not a pretty one. Do you know how many times I saw my family this year? Twice! There is a good city now in New Mexico, with hundreds of people who depend on the ability that only you can give them.

PETER

How do you know it is not a drag to me too? They hate me, anyway--

MARSHALL

They'll forget it! Don't do like these people who only change their looks because someone else did. You should do something because you really want to.

(cautiously)

But if you doubt for a second about the price you have to pay, then don't do it!

They arrive there.

EXT. DOCTOR MICHAEL'S CLINIC - THE GATES - DAY

The car pulls over nearby. Peter and the Reporter get out. Marshall turns off the car and waits.

She socializes with the other starving paparazzi while Peter continues his way to:

THE MAIN GATE:

Peter shows his ID to very suspicious security guards. After a moment of doubt, he's in.

EXT. DOCTOR MICHAEL'S CLINIC - ENTRANCE - CONTINUING

A swimming pool, fancy decoration, everything like the commercial. He looks at it all with amazement and some dismay.

He sees the main lobby of a YELLOW HOUSE. He takes a deep breath and continues his way to:

INT. DOCTOR MICHAEL'S CLINIC - LOBBY - CONTINUING

A hall literately from a movie, one of those places you KNOW was featured in some Blockbuster hit.

Peter is somewhat fascinated by all this. He sees a door leading to a small office. From the partially opened door, he sees Doctor Michael in a comfortable chair.

PETER

Now or never...

He goes in:

INT. DOCTOR MICHAEL'S CLINIC - THE OFFICE - CONTINUING

Doc Michael reads some newspapers. Peter enters and Michael acknowledges his presence:

DOCTOR MICHAEL

You're the representative, right?
Please come closer.

He does.

PETER

(forcing an accent)
Yes sir! I came here to... hum... We
need you outside...

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Aren't you too young for this job?

(pause)

Anyway... You should tell me everything they're gonna ask me. I want to be prepared! To give them the best of myself, of course!

Peter thinks a little. After a moment of doubt he takes off his glasses and cap.

PETER

(no more accent)

Actually I came here to WARN you.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

(surprised)

What? Hey, you are that kid from the conference! What do you want here?

(yelling)

Security!!!!

PETER

No, no, please! I came here to help you. I'm a huge fan doctor, I told you that yesterday, remember?

DOCTOR MICHAEL

You left with the criminals!

PETER

Yes, but I also helped you before that.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Vero. I did see that picture on the paper. So, what do you have to tell me?

PETER

They're planning on doing it again! Like, in about 10 minutes!

DOCTOR MICHAEL

They who?

PETER

The criminals! I mean, the people I left off with.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

You left with them. Why should I trust you?

PETER

Because I know how you are. I know you want to help people in need--

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Oh, I see. I get it!

(reflexive pause)

Bambino, thank you for your "advice" but I don't think you need that to get yourself a new chin--

PETER

What?

DOCTOR MICHAEL

That's why you're inventing this whole story, right? To get my sympathy so that I could fix your face for free.

PETER

My face is fine!

DOCTOR MICHAEL

(showing the place)

I don't think you understand how important all of this is to the community.

He fills himself with pride.

DOCTOR MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The entire movie industry relies on my job to keep the whole machine running. To do that I need famous people.

(serious)

Sorry. Unless you become a star, there's nothing I can do. Find someone else.

PETER

I don't want anything from you.

Peter stops for a second and then he finally gets real.

PETER (CONT'D)

Wait: you mean you don't help regular people who are in need? Like the ones in your books?

DOCTOR MICHAEL

I used to. Everyone HAS TO CHANGE this world full of ugly faces.

PETER

But you should change anyone in need.
That's the real practice of medicine,
right?

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Plastic surgery is not actual practice
of medicine.

(pause)

Our job is to make sure that only good-
looking people are seen in the
streets. Keep that in mind!

PETER

You can't turn your back on people in
need.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Everyone can take care of regular
people. Only a few can take care of
such delicate beings as the Hollywood
celebrities.

Peter has heard enough. He then grins malevolently.

PETER

Right... So, you coming outside?

DOCTOR MICHAEL

You haven't told me what they were
gonna ask me.

PETER

Don't worry; they'll just take
pictures now.

DOCTOR MICHAEL

Wonderful! Let's go.

They make their way back to the gates to the paparazzi, going
through:

- The phenomenal lobby;
- The main entrance with the swimming pool;
- And then finally at:

EXT. DOCTOR MICHAEL'S CLINIC - THE GATES - DAY

Peter is visually mad but tries to dissimulate his anger. Doctor
Michael is more worried about his appearance, combing his hair.

LAST SEQUENCE OF SHOTS:

- Paparazzi alert!
- The Reporter acknowledges their presence as well;
- The gates open and we see them getting out;
- They start moving in our direction;
- The Reporter prepares her cake. She looks straight in the eyes of Peter who responds with no signs;
- They're still somewhat distant from the paparazzi;
- Peter taps doctor Michael's back and signs to him as if saying his is joining the journalists. Doctor Michael nods and encourages him to do so;
- Peter rushes to join the Reporter;
- She's confused;
- Doctor Michael is now close to the paparazzi;
- Peter goes after the Reporter and quickly steals the cake from her hands. She doesn't like it;
- The paparazzi take pictures;
- Peter runs in the direction of the doctor with the cake in his hands;
- Security rushes to avoid the disaster;
- Peter is faster and grabs the doctor by his shirt, forcing him to turn around. He's frustrated and smears the creamy cake with rage all over the doctor's face;
- Doctor Michael is speechless.
- The Paparazzi loves it;

REPORTER

Run!!!

- The Paparazzi realize she is involved in this and begin to take pictures of her as well;
 - The Reporter and Peter sprint out of the gates;
 - The security guards run after them;
- THE CAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET:
- Marshall sees them both running, he starts the engine;

- The Reporter is faster and reaches the car first;
 - Peter looks back: The Guards are coming closer;
 - Peter continues running but something catches his attention on the other side of the street, and it is not the car:
- PETER'S POV: A BLUE PIGEON lands on the sidewalk;
- Peter can't believe his eyes;
 - The security guards are getting even closer;
 - Peter decides to go after the Blue Pigeon;
 - From the car, Marshall yells at him: Come' on!;
 - He ignores him. He begins crossing the street in the direction of the Blue Pigeon;
 - The guards suddenly stop! Because:
 - A car is about to cross the street;
 - Peter doesn't see it;
 - Marshall calls him one more time: He's gonna be run over;
 - Peter is near the Blue Pigeon. He turns his head in the direction of the car crossing the street;
 - Marshall yells from his car: PETER!!! It's too late.

WHITE FADE TO:

INT. BACK TO A VERY BRIGHT ROOM - BRIGHT LIGHT

Peter talks to an OLD LADY sitting next to him.

[THE OLD LADY IS THE SAME ACTRESS PLAYING RUTH. HEAVY MAKE UP MAKES HER LOOK 70.]

PETER

... and here I am. So, why are you here?

OLD LADY

Oh, I had a bad experience with a nose job.

(pause)

And let's just say I wanted more than I could handle.

They chuckle.

PETER

Yeah, well, you know. Life sucks sometimes.

OLD LADY

Dear, don't be so hard on yourself. From all you've told me I can say that you've had a pretty good life.

(gently)

Just how many signs does a young smart boy like you need?

He's unable to come up with an answer; he shrugs instead.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Life has its own ways of showing us things. All I can tell you is that the more things change, the more they stay the same.

INSERT:

- Marshall, packed with suitcases, alongside a LITTLE GIRL and a very nice looking WOMAN arrive at the YELLOW HOUSE.

- Ben and Ruth welcome them with warmth, although they seem surprised, while:

OLD LADY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fate isn't something you run away from. It is wherever you are; it follows you, not the other way around.

BACK TO THE BRIGHT ROOM:

PETER

How come?

OLD LADY

Why bother finding an answer, when you don't even know what's waiting out there for you? Nobody should suffer in advance.

On the billboard, his number finally appears.

PETER

Well, I should get going then-- Thanks for the kind words though.

He gets up.

PETER (CONT'D)
And by the way: you do have a perfect
nose.

She touches her nose self-consciously and then smiles.

OLD LADY
Thank you, dear.

PETER
(re: the light)
Any clue where I'm going?

OLD LADY
Just follow the light, hon. It will
take you where you should be.

He takes a deep breath and heads toward the bright light.

THE FINAL TITLE FLOATS OVER THE SCREEN: "ANYWHERE".

He disappears into the light.

WE FADE OUT TO

THE END